THE

TWO WEALTHY FARMERS;

Or, the SIXTH PART of the

HISTORY of Mr. BRAGWELL and his TWO DAUGHTERS.

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THE

Two Wealthy Farmers, &c.

MR. BRAGWELL was ſo much afflicted at the diſgraceful marriage of his daughter who ran off with Timothy Incle the ſtrolling player, that he never fully recovered his ſpirits. His chearfulneſs which had ariſen from an high opinion of himſelf, had been confirmed by a conſtant flow of uninterrupted ſucceſs; and that is a ſort of chearfulneſs which is very liable to be impaired, becauſe it lies at the mercy of every accident and croſs event in life. But though his pride was now diſappointed, his misfortunes had not taught him any humility, becauſe he had not diſcovered that they were cauſed by his own fault, nor had he acquired any patience or ſubmiſſion, becauſe he had not learnt

that all afflictions come from the hand of God to awaken us to a deep ſenſe of our ſins, and to draw off our hearts from the periſhing vanities of this life. Beſides, Mr. Bragwell was one of thoſe people, who even if they would be thought to bear with tolerable ſubmiſſion ſuch trials as appear to be ſent more immediately from Providence, yet think they have a ſort of right to rebel at every misfortune which befals them through the fault of a fellow creature; as if our fellow creatures were not the agents and inſtruments by which Providenee often ſees fit to try or to puniſh us? This imprudent daughter Bragwell would not be brought to ſee or forgive, nor was the degrading name of Mrs. Incle ever allowed to be pronounced in his hearing. He had loved her with an exceſſive and undue affection, and while ſhe gratified his vanity by her beauty and finery, he deemed her faults of little conſequence; but when ſhe diſappointed his ambition by a diſgraceful marriage, all his natural affection only ſerved to increaſe his reſentment. Yet though he regretted her crime leſs than his own mortification, he never ceaſed in ſecret to lament her loſs. She ſoon found out ſhe was undone, and wrote in a ſtrain of bitter repentance to aſk his forgiveneſs. She owned that her huſband whom ſhe had ſuppoſed to be a man of faſhion in diſguiſe, was a low perſon in diſtreſſed circumſtances. She implored that her father, though he refuſed to give her huſband that fortune for which alone it was now too plain he had married her, would at leaſt allow her ſome ſubſiſtence, for that Mr. Incle was much in debt and ſhe feared in danger of a goal. The father's heart was half melted at

at this account, and his affection was for a time awakened. But Mrs. Bragwell oppoſed his ſending her any aſſiſtance. She always made it a point of duty never to forgive, "for ſhe ſaid it only encouraged thoſe who had done wrong once to do worſe next time; for her part ſhe had never yet been guilty of ſo mean and pitiful a weakneſs as to forgive any one, for to pardon an injury always ſhewed either want of ſpirit to feel it, or want of power to reſent it. She was reſolved ſhe would never ſquander the money for which ſhe had worked early and late on a baggage who had thrown herſelf away on a beggar, while ſhe had a daughter ſingle who might raiſe her family by a great match." I am ſorry to ſay that Mrs. Bragwell's anger was not owing to the undutifulneſs of the daughter, or the worthleſſneſs of the huſband, poverty was in her eyes the grand crime. The doctrine of forgiveneſs, as a religious principle, made no more a part of Mr. Bragwell's ſyſtem than of his wife's, but in natural feeling, particularly for this offending daughter, he much exceeded her.

In a few months the youngeſt Miſs Bragwell deſired leave to return home from Mr. Worthy's. She had indeed only conſented to go thither as a leſs evil of the two than ſtaying in her father's houſe after her ſiſter's elopement. But the ſobriety and ſimplicity of Mr. Worthy's family were irkſome to her. Habits of vanity and idleneſs were become ſo rooted in her mind that any degree of reſtraint was a burthen, and though ſhe was outwardly civil it was eaſy to ſee that ſhe longed to get away. She reſolved, however, to profit by her ſiſter's faults,

and made her parents eaſy by aſſuring them ſhe never would throw herſelf away on a *man who was worth nothing*. Encouraged by theſe promiſes, which were all that her parents thought they could in reaſon expect, her father allowed her to come home.

Mr. Worthy who accompanied her, found Mr. Bragwell gloomy and dejected. As his houſe was no longer a ſcene of vanity and feſtivity, Mr. Bragwell tried to make himſelf and his friend believe that he was grown religious, whereas he was only become diſcontented. As he had always found piety was a melanchonly gloomy thing, and as he felt his own mind really gloomy, he was willing to think that he was growing pious. He had indeed gone more conſtantly to church, and had taken leſs pleaſure in feaſting and cards, and now and then read a chapter in the Bible, but all this was becauſe his ſpirits were low, and not becauſe his heart was changed. The outward actions were more regular but the inward man was the ſame. The *forms* of religion were reſorted to as a painful duty, but this only added to his miſery, while he was utterly ignorant of its ſpirit and its power. He ſtill, however, reſerved religion as a loathſome medicine, to which he feared he muſt have recourſe at laſt, and of which he even now conſidered every abſtinence from pleaſure, or every exerciſe of piety as a bitter doſe. His health alſo was impaired ſo that his friend found him in a pitiable ſtate, neither able to receive pleaſure from the world, which he dearly loved, nor from religion which he ſo greatly feared. He expected to have been much commended by Worthy for

the change in his way of life, but Worthy, who saw that the alteration was only owing to the loss of animal spirits, and to the casual absence of temptation, was cautious of flattering him too much. "I thought, Mr. Worthy," said he, "to have received more comfort from you. I was told too that religion was full of comfort, but I do not much find it." "You were told the truth," replied Worthy, "Religion is full of comfort, but you must first be brought into a state fit to receive it before it can become so; you must be brought to a deep and humbling sense of sin. To give you comfort while you are puffed up with high thoughts of yourself, would be to give you a strong cordial in a high fever. Religion keeps back her cordials till the patient is lowered and emptied; emptied of self, Mr. Bragwell. If you had a wound, it must be examined and cleansed, aye, and probed too before it would be safe to put on a healing plaister. Curing it to the outward eye, while it was corrupt at bottom, would only bring on a mortification, and you would be a dead man while you trusted that the plaister was curing you. You must be indeed a Christian before you can be entitled to the comforts of Christianity." "I am a Christian," said Bragwell, "many of my friends are Christians, but I do not see it has done us much good." "Christianity itself," answered Worthy, "cannot make us good unless it be applied to our hearts. Christian privileges will not make us Christians unless we make use of them. On that shelf I see stands your medicine. The doctor orders you to take it. *Have* you taken it?" "Yes," replied Bragwell. "Are you the better for it?" said Worthy, "I think I am," he

replied. "But," added Worthy, "are you the better because the doctor has ordered it merely, or because you have also taken it?" "What a foolish question," cried Bragwell. "Why, to be sure the doctor might be the best doctor, and his physic the best physic in the world, but if it stood for ever on the shelf, I could not expect to be cured by it. My doctor is not a mountebank. He does not pretend to cure by a charm. The physic is good, and as it suits my case, though it is bitter, I take it." "You have now," said Worthy, "explained undesignedly the reason why Religion does so little good in the world. It is not a mountebank, it does not work by a charm, but offers to cure your worst corruptions by wholesome, though sometimes bitter prescriptions. But you will not take them, you will not apply to God with the same earnest desire to be healed with which you apply to your doctor, you will not confess your sins to the one as honestly as you tell your symptoms to the other, nor read your Bible with the same faith and submission with which you take your medicine. In reading it, however, you must take care not to apply to yourself the comforts which are not suited to your case. You must, by the grace of God, be brought into a condition to be entitled to the promises before you can expect the comfort of them. Conviction is not conversion; that worldly discontent which is the effect of worldly disappointment, is not that *godly sorrow which worketh repentance*. Besides, while you have been pursuing all the gratifications of the world, do not complain that you have not all the comforts of Religion too. Could you live in the full enjoyment of both, *the Bible would not be true.*

Bragwell now seemed resolved to set about the matter in earnest, but he resolved in his own strength, and unluckily, the very day Mr. Worthy took leave there happened to be a grand ball at the next town, on account of the assizes. An assize ball is a scene to which gentlemen and ladies periodically resort to celebrate the crimes and calamities of their fellow-creatures by dancing and music, and to divert themselves with feasting and drinking, while unhappy wretches are receiving sentence of death.

To this Ball Miss Bragwell went, dressed out with a double portion of finery, pouring out on her own head the whole band-box of feathers and flowers her sister had left behind her. While she was at the ball her father formed many plans of religious reformation; he talked of lessening his business that he might have more leisure for devotion; though not *just now* while the markets were so high; and began to think of sending a handsome subscription to the infirmary; though, on second thoughts, he concluded he need not be *in a hurry*, but leave it in his will; but to give, and repent, and reform, were three things he was bent upon. But when his daughter came home at night, so happy and so fine, and telling how "she had danced with 'Squire Squeeze the great Corn Contractor, and how many fine things he had said to her, Mr. Bragwell felt the old spirit of the world return in its full force. A marriage with Mr. Dashall Squeeze, the contractor, was beyond his hopes, for Mr. Squeeze was supposed from a very low beginning to have got rich during the war. Mr. Squeeze had picked up as much of the history of his partner between the dances as he desired, he

was convinced there would be no money wanting, for Miſs Bragwell, who was now looked on as an only child, muſt needs be a great fortune, and he was too much uſed to advantageous contracts to let this ſlip. As he was gaudily dreſſed, and poſſeſſed all the arts of vulgar flattery, Miſs Bragwell eagerly caught at his propoſal to wait on her father next day. Squeeze was quite a man after Bragwell's own heart, a genius at getting money, a fine daſhing fellow at ſpending it. He told his wife that this was the very ſort of man for his daughter, for he got money like a jew and ſpent it like a prince; but whether it was fairly got or wiſely ſpent, he was too much a man of the world to inquire. Mrs. Bragwell was not ſo run away with by appearances, but ſhe deſired her huſband to be careful and quite ſure that it was the right Mr. Squeeze and no impoſtor. But being aſſured that Betſey would certainly keep her carriage, ſhe never gave herſelf one thought with what ſort of man ſhe was to ride in it. To have one of her daughters drive in her own coach filled up all her ideas of human happineſs. The marriage was celebrated with great ſplendor, and Mr. and Mrs. Squeeze ſet off for London, where they had a houſe.

Mr. Bragwell now tried to forget that he had any other daughter, and if ſome thoughts of the reſolutions he had made of entering on a more religious courſe would ſometimes force themſelves upon him, they were put off, like the repentance of Felix, *to a more convenient ſeaſon*, and finding he was likely to have a grandchild, he became more

more worldly and ambitious than ever, thinking this a juſt pretence for adding houſe to houſe and field to field; and there is no ſtratagem by which men more deceive themſelves than when they make even unborn children a pretence for that rapine or that hoarding of which their own covetouſneſs is the true motive. Whenever he ventured to write to Mr. Worthy about the wealth, the gaiety, and the grandeur of Mr. and Mrs. Squeeze, that faithful friend honeſtly reminded him of the vanity and uncertainty of worldly greatneſs, and the error he had been guilty of in marrying his daughter before he had taken time to inquire into the real character of the man, ſaying, that he could not help foreboding that the happineſs of a match made at a ball might have an end. Though Mr. Bragwell had paid down a larger fortune than was prudent, for fear Mr. Squeeze ſhould fly off, yet he was ſurpriſed to receive very ſoon a preſſing letter from him, deſiring him to advance a conſiderable ſum, as he had the offer of an advantageous purchaſe, which he muſt loſe for want of money. Bragwell was ſtaggered, and refuſed to comply, but his wife told him he muſt not be ſhabby to ſuch a gentleman as 'Squire Squeeze, for that ſhe heard on all ſides ſuch accounts of their grandeur, their feaſts, their carriages, and their liveries, that ſhe and her huſband ought even to deny themſelves to oblige ſuch a generous ſon, who did all this in honor of their daughter; beſides, if he did not ſend the money ſoon, they might be obliged to lay down their coach, and then ſhe ſhould never be able to ſhew her face again. At length Mr. Bragwell lent him the money on his bond: he knew Squeeze's income

was large, for he had carefully enquired into this particular, and for the reſt he took his word. Mrs. Squeeze alſo got great preſents from her mother, by repreſenting to her how expenſively they were forced to live to keep up their credit, and what honor ſhe was conferring on the family of the Bragwells by ſpending their money in ſuch grand company. "You can't imagine, dear mother," continued ſhe, "how charmingly we live—I lye a-bed almoſt all day, and am up all night; but it is never dark for all that, for we burn ſuch numbers of candles all at once, that the ſun would be of no uſe at all in London.—Then I am ſo happy, for we are never quiet a moment, Sundays or working-days, nay, I ſhould not know which was which, only that we have moſt pleaſure on a Sunday, becauſe it is the only day in which people have nothing to do but divert themſelves.—Then the great folks are all ſo kind and ſo good, they have not a bit of pride, for they will come and eat and drink, and win my money juſt as if I was their equal, and if I have got but a cold, they are ſo very unhappy that they ſend to know how I do, and though I ſuppoſe they can't reſt till the footman has told them, yet they are ſo polite, that if I have been dying they ſeem to have forgot it next time we meet, and not to know but they have ſeen me the day before. Oh! they are true friends, and for ever ſmiling, and ſo fond of one another, that they like to meet and enjoy one another's company by hundreds, and always think the more the merrier."

The ſtyle of her letters, however, altered in a few months. She owned that though things went on gayer

gayer and grander than ever, yet that ſhe hardly ever ſaw her huſband, except her houſe was full of company, and cards or dancing was going on; that he was often ſo buſy he could not come home all night, that he always borrowed the money her mother ſent her when he was going out on this nightly buſineſs; and that the laſt time ſhe had aſked *him* for money he curſed and ſwore, and bid her apply to the old farmer and his rib, who were made of money. This letter Mrs. Bragwell concealed from her huſband.

At length on ſome change in public affairs, Mr. Squeeze, who had made an overcharge of ſome thouſand pounds in one article, loſt his contract, he was found to owe a large debt to government, and his accounts muſt be made up immediately. This was impoſſible, he had not only ſpent his large income without making any proviſion for his family, but had contracted heavy debts by gaming and other vices. His creditors poured in upon him. He wrote to Bragwell to borrow another ſum; but without hinting at the loſs of his Contract. Theſe repeated demands made Bragwell ſo uneaſy, that inſtead of ſending him the money, he reſolved to go himſelf ſecretly to London and judge by his own eyes how things were going on, as his mind ſtrangely miſgave him. He got to Mr. Squeeze's houſe about eleven at night, and knocked gently, concluding that they muſt needs be gone to-bed. But what was his aſtoniſhment to find the hall was full of men; he puſhed through in ſpite of them, though to his great ſurprize they inſiſted on knowing his name. This affronted him: he refuſed, ſaying, "I am not aſhamed of my name, it will paſs for thouſands in any market in the weſt of England."

land. What was his amazement to ſee every room as full of card tables and of fine gentlemen and ladies as it would hold; all was ſo light, and ſo gay, and ſo feſtive, and ſo grand, that he reproached himſelf for his ſuſpicions, thought nothing too good for them, and reſolved ſecretly to give Squeeze another five hundred pounds to help keep up ſo much grandeur and happineſs. At length ſeeing a footman he knew, he aſked him where were his maſter and miſtreſs, for he could not pick them out among the company. The man ſaid that his maſter had juſt ſent for his lady up ſtairs, and he believed that he was not well. Mr. Bragwell ſaid he would go up himſelf and look for his daughter, as he could not ſpeak ſo freely to her before all that company. He went up and knocked at the chamber door, and its not being opened, made him puſh it with ſome violence. He heard a buſtling noiſe within, and again made a fruitleſs attempt to open the door. At this the noiſe increaſed, and Mr. Bragwell was ſtruck to the heart at the ſound of a piſtol from within. He now kicked ſo violently againſt the door that it burſt open, when the firſt ſight he ſaw was his daughter falling to the ground in a fit, and Mr. Squeeze dying by a ſhot from a piſtol which was dropping out of his hand. Mr. Bragwell was not the only perſon whom the ſound of the piſtol had alarmed. The ſervants, the company, all heard it, and all ran up to this ſcene of horror. Thoſe who had the beſt of the game took care to bring up their tricks in their hands, having had the prudence to leave the very few who could be truſted to watch the ſtakes, while thoſe who had a proſpect of loſing, profited by the confuſion and threw up their cards.

All

All was dismay and terror. Some ran for a surgeon, others examined the dying man, while some removed Mrs. Squeeze to her bed, while poor Bragwell could neither see nor hear, nor do any thing. One of the company took up a letter which lay open upon the table, addressed *to Mr. Bragwell*, they read it, hoping it might explain the horrid mystery. It was as follows:

"Sir, Fetch home your daughter, I have ruined her, myself, and the child to which she every hour expects to be a mother. I have lost my contract. My debts are immense. You refuse me money. I must die then; but I will die like a man of spirit. They wait to take me to prison, I have two executions in my house; but I have ten card tables in it. I would die as I have lived. I invited all this company, and have drank hard since dinner to get primed for the dreadful deed. My wife refuses to write to you for another thousand, and she must take the consequences. *Vanity* has been my ruin. It has caused all my crimes. Whoever is resolved to live beyond his income is liable to every sin. He can never say to himself thus far shalt thou go and no farther. Vanity led me to commit acts of rapine, that I might live in splendor; vanity makes me commit self-murder, because I will not live in poverty. The new philosophy says that death is an eternal sleep; but the new philosophy lies. Do you take heed: I am past repentance. Farewell.

DASHALL SQUEEZE."

The

The dead body was removed, and Mr. Bragwell remaining almoſt without ſpeech or motion, the company began to think of retiring, much out of humour at having their party ſo diſagreeably broken up; they comforted themſelves however, that as it was *ſo early*, for it was now ſcarcely twelve, they could finiſh their evening at another party or two; ſo compleatly do habits of *pleaſure*, as it is called, harden the heart and ſteel it, not only againſt virtuous impreſſions, but againſt natural feelings. Now it was that thoſe who had nightly rioted at the expence of thoſe wretched people were the firſt to abuſe them. Not an offer of aſſiſtance was made to this poor forlorn woman; not a word of kindneſs or of pity, nothing but cenſure was now heard. "Why muſt thoſe upſtarts ape people of quality?" though as long as theſe upſtarts could feaſt them, their vulgarity and their bad character had never been produced againſt them. "As long as thou doſt well unto thyſelf, men ſhall ſpeak good of thee." One gueſt who unluckily had no other houſe to go to coolly ſaid, "Squeeze might as well have put off ſhooting himſelf till the morning."

As every thing in the houſe was ſeized, Mr. Bragwell prevailed on his miſerable daughter, weak as ſhe was, next morning to ſet out with him for the country. His acquaintance with polite life was ſhort, but he had ſeen a great deal in a little time. They had a ſlow and a ſad journey. In about a week Mrs. Squeeze lay-in of a dead child, ſhe herſelf languiſhed a few days and then died; and the afflicted parents ſaw the two darling objects of their ambition,

ambition, for whose sakes they had made *too much haste to be rich*, carried to the land where all things are forgotten. Mrs. Bragwell's grief, like her other passions, was extravagant, and poor Bragwell's sorrow was rendered so bitter by self-reproach, that he would quite have sunk under it, had he not thought of his old expedient in distress, that of sending for Mr. Worthy to comfort him. It was Mr. Worthy's way to warn people of those misfortunes which he saw their faults must needs bring on them, but not to reproach or desert them when the misfortunes came. He had never been near Bragwell during the short but flourishing reign of the Squeezes; for he knew that prosperity made the ears deaf and the heart hard to good counsel, but as soon as he heard his friend was in trouble he set out to go to him. Bragwell burst into a violent fit of tears when he saw him, and when he could speak said, "This trial is more than I can bear." Mr. Worthy kindly took him by the hand, and when he was a little composed said, "I will tell you a short story. There was in ancient times a famous man who was a slave. His master, who was very good to him, one day gave him a bitter melon and bade him eat it, he ate it up without one word of complaint. How was it possible, said the master, for you to eat so very nauseous and disagreeable a fruit? the slave replied, My good master, I have received so many favours from your bounty, that it is no wonder if I should once in my life eat one bitter melon from your hands. This generous answer so struck the master, that history says he gave him his liberty. With such submissive sentiments, my friend, should man receive his portion

of ſufferings from God, from whom he receives ſo many bleſſings. You in particular have received much good at the hand of God, ſhall you not receive evil alſo?"

"O Mr. Worthy," ſaid Bragwell, "this blow is too heavy for me, I cannot ſurvive this ſhock. I do not deſire it, I only deſire to die." "We are very apt to talk moſt of dying when we are leaſt fit for it," ſaid Worthy. "This is not the language of that ſubmiſſion which makes us prepare for death, but of that deſpair which makes us out of humour with life. O, Mr. Bragwell, you are indeed diſappointed of the grand ends which made life ſo delightful to you; but till your heart is humbled, till you are brought to a ſerious conviction of ſin, till you are brought to ſee what is the true end of life, you can have no hope in death. You think you have no buſineſs on earth, becauſe thoſe for whoſe ſake you too eagerly heaped up riches are no more. But is there not under the canopy of heaven ſome afflicted being you may yet relieve, ſome modeſt merit which you may bring forward, ſome helpleſs creature you may ſave by your advice, ſome periſhing chriſtian you may ſuſtain by your wealth? When you have no ſins of your own to repent of, no mercies of God to be thankful for, no miſeries of others to relieve, then I conſent you ſhould ſink down in deſpair, and call on death to relieve you."

Mr. Worthy attended his afflicted friend to the funeral of his unhappy daughter and her babe. The ſolemn ſervice, the committing his late gay and beautiful daughter to darkneſs, to worms, and

to corruption, the ſight of the dead infant, for whoſe ſake he had reſumed all his ſchemes of vanity and covetouſneſs, when he thought he had got the better of them, the melancholy conviction that all human proſperity ends in *aſhes to aſhes and duſt to duſt*, had brought down Mr. Bragwell's ſoul into ſomething of that humble frame in which Mr. Worthy had wiſhed to ſee it. As ſoon as they returned home he was beginning to ſeize the favourable moment for fixing theſe ſerious impreſſions, when they were unſeaſonably interrupted by the pariſh officer, who came to aſk Mr. Bragwell what he was to do with a poor dying woman who was travelling the country with her child, and was taken in a fit under the church-yard wall? "At firſt they thought ſhe was dead," ſaid the man, "but finding ſhe ſtill breathed, they have carried her into the workhouſe till ſhe could give ſome account of herſelf." Mr. Bragwell told the man he was at that time too much overcome by ſorrow to attend to buſineſs, but he would give him an anſwer to-morrow. "But my friend," ſaid Mr. Worthy, "the poor woman may die to night; your mind is indeed not in a frame for worldly buſineſs, but there is no ſorrow too great to forbid our attending the calls of duty. An act of chriſtian charity will not diſturb but improve the ſerioufneſs of your ſpirit, and though you cannot dry your own tears, God may in great mercy permit you to dry thoſe of another. This may be one of thoſe occaſions for which I told you life was worth keeping. Do let us ſee this woman." Bragwell was not in a ſtate either to conſent or refuſe, and his friend drew him to the workhouſe, about the door

of

of which ſtood a crowd of people. "She is not dead," ſaid one, "ſhe moves her head." But ſhe wants air," ſaid they all, while they all, according to cuſtom, puſhed ſo cloſe upon her that it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould get any. A fine boy of two or three years old ſtood by her crying, "Mammy is dead, mammy is ſtarved." Mr. Worthy made up to the poor woman, holding his friend by the arm: to give her air he untied a large black bonnet which hid her face, when Mr. Bragwell at that moment caſting his eyes on her, ſaw in this poor ſtranger the face of his own run-away daughter, Mrs. Incle. He groaned but could not ſpeak, and as he was turning away to conceal his anguiſh, the little boy fondly caught hold of his hand, liſping out—"O ſtay and give mammy ſome bread." His heart yearned towards the child, he graſped his little hand in his, while he ſorrowfully ſaid to Mr. Worthy, "it is too much, ſend away the people. It is my dear naughty child, *my puniſhment is greater than I can bear.*" Mr. Worthy deſired the people to go and leave the ſtranger to them; but by this time ſhe was no ſtranger to any of them. Pale and meagre as was her face, and poor and ſhabby as was her dreſs the proud and flaunting Miſs Polly Bragwell was eaſily known by every one preſent. They went away, but with the mean revenge of little minds, they paid themſelves by abuſe, for all the airs and inſolence they had once endured from her. "Pride muſt have a fall," ſaid one. "I remember when ſhe was too good to ſpeak to a poor body; where are her flounces and furbelows now? It is come home to her at laſt. Her child looks as if he would be glad of the worſt bit ſhe formerly denied us."

In

In the mean time Mr. Bragwell had ſunk in an old wicker chair which ſtood behind, and groaned out, "Lord forgive my hard heart! Lord ſubdue my proud heart, create a clean heart, renew a a right ſpirit within me." This was perhaps the firſt word of genuine prayer he had ever offered up in his whole life. Worthy overheard it and his heart rejoiced, but this was not a time for talking, but doing. He aſked Bragwell what was to be done with the unfortunate woman who now ſeemed to recover faſt, but ſhe did not ſee them, for they were behind. She embraced her boy, and faintly ſaid—my child what ſhall we do? *I will ariſe and go to my father and ſay unto him, father I have ſinned againſt heaven and before thee.* This was a joyful ſound to Mr. Worthy, who began to hope that her heart might be as much changed for the better as her circumſtances were altered for the worſe, and he valued the goods of fortune ſo little, and contrition of ſoul ſo much, that he began to think the change on the whole might be a happy one. The boy then ſprung from his mother and ran to Bragwell, ſaying, "Do be good to mammy." Mrs. Incle looking round, now perceived her father, ſhe fell at his feet, ſaying, "O forgive your guilty child, and ſave your innocent one from ſtarving." Bragwell ſunk down by her, and prayed God to forgive both her and himſelf in terms of genuine ſorrow. To hear words of real penitence and heart-felt prayer from this once high-minded father and vain daughter, was muſic to Worthy's ears, who thought this moment of outward miſery was the only joyful one he had ever ſpent in the Bragwell's family. He was reſolved

reſolved not to interfere but to let father's own feelings work out the way in which he was to act. Bragwell ſaid nothing, but ſlowly led to his own houſe, holding the little boy by the hand, and pointing to Worthy to aſſiſt the feeble ſteps of his daughter, who once more entered her father's doors, but the dread of ſeeing her mother quite overpowered her. Mrs. Bragwell's heart was not changed, but ſorrow had weakened her powers of reſiſtance, and ſhe rather ſuffered her daughter to come in, than gave her a kind reception. As ſoon as ſhe was a little recovered, Mr. Bragwell deſired his daughter to tell him how ſhe happened to be at that place juſt at that time.

In a weak voice ſhe began, " my tale, Sir, is ſhort, but mournful."—Now I am very ſorry that my Readers muſt wait for this ſhort but mournful tale till next month. Z

END OF THE SIXTH PART.

A List of the Tracts published during the Year 1795.

HISTORIES.

The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain. Part I. and II.
Tom White the Postilion. Part I. and II.
Two Shoemakers. Part I.
Life of William Baker, with his Funeral Sermon by the Reverend Mr. Gilpin.
The Two Soldiers.
The Plague in London, 1665.
The Lancashire Collier Girl.
The Two Wealthy Farmers; or, History of Mr. Bragwell, Part I. and II.
The Good Mother's Legacy.
Sorrowful Sam; or, the Two Blacksmiths.
True Stories of Two Good Negroes.
Murders.
The Happy Waterman.
The Shipwreck of the Centaur.

SUNDAY READINGS.

Husbandry Moralized.
On the Religious Advantages of the present Inhabitants of Great Britain.
The Beggarly Boy, a Parable.
Daniel in the Den of Lions.
Noah's Flood.
Hints to all Ranks of People on the Occasion of the present Scarcity.
The Harvest Home.
The Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard.
The Troubles of Life; or, the Guinea and the Shilling.

POETRY.

Divine Songs, by Dr. Watts, for Children.
New History of a True Book.
The Carpenter; or, Danger of Evil Company.
The Gin Shop.
The Riot.
Patient Joe.
The Execution of Wild Robert.
A New Christmas Carrol, called the Merry Christmas, or happy New Year.
The Sorrows of Yamba; or, the Negro Woman's Lamentation.

A List of the Tracts published during the Year 1796.

HISTORIES.

Mary Wood the Houſemaid.
Shoemakers. Part II. III. and IV.
Charles Jones the Footman.
The Cheapſide Apprentice.
The Gameſter.
Betty Brown, the St. Giles's Orange Girl.
Farmers. Part III. IV. and V.
Black Giles the Poacher. Part I. and II.

SUNDAY READINGS.

Some New Thoughts for the New Year.
The Touchſtone.
Oneſimus.
The Converſion of St. Paul.
The General Reſurrection.
On Carrying Religion into Buſineſs.
Look at Home.
The Grand Aſſizes.
Explanation of the Nature of Baptiſm.
Prayers.
The Valley of Tears.

POETRY.

Robert and Richard.
Sinful Sally.
The Shopkeeper turned Sailor. Part II. III. and III.
The Hackney Coachman.
The Election.
Turn the Carpet.
A Hymn of Praiſe.
King Dionyſius and Squire Damocles.
The Hampſhire Tragedy.